

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher
REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor
Torrance, Calif., Sunday, December 11, 1966

The Spirit of Christmas

A program which began here in 1955 when a small group of school children gathered some clothing and foodstuffs for destitute Arizona Navajos is in full swing again this year under the guidance of the Torrance YMCA, and will make Christmas a meaningful celebration for hundreds of persons again this year.

Those who work unselfishly for such a project earn more thanks than they normally get. Youngsters, members of REACT, private firms, businessmen, and concerned individuals combine to make the gifts to the Navajo nation worth the effort.

During the decade this program has been carried out, tons of foodstuffs, clothing, blankets, toys, and medicines have been sent to the northern Arizona Indians. The project has been of immeasurable benefit to those receiving the gifts, and we believe equally beneficial to those who have worked to make it possible.

Such is the true spirit of giving — the true spirit of the Christmastide. We congratulate them all.

Opinions of Others

This is the age of the economic genius who can spend money he hasn't got and money he is not going to get.—George B. Bowra in *The Aztec* (N. Mex.) *Independent-Review*.

Historians tell of a great Indian Chief who resided with his tribe in the Wallowa mountains in northeast Oregon. He was leader of the Nez Perce Indians and was known as Chief Joseph. As the white men moved into his beloved land, he resisted their encroachment with a skill and a stubbornness born of desperation that gained the admiration of friend and foe alike. He was finally placed on a reservation where he died in 1904.

Of late, there has been some question whether he actually died in 1904 or at some later date. To one historian, the question is irrelevant because Chief Joseph, "From the time he was incarcerated . . . and not permitted to return to Wallowa after the defeat of the Nez Percés by the U.S. Army . . . he was just existing, his spirit had gone. The great man we tell of in history had died." In short, when Chief Joseph was deprived of his freedom, he no longer desired to live.

The artificial security of the reservation, where he was guaranteed three meals a day, was no substitute for freedom. Is there not a lesson in the story of Chief Joseph for all of us? We place a high value on material security—so high that we are permitting ourselves to be enmeshed in an intricate web of restrictions, taxes and welfare programs that one day may make us all inmates of a vast reservation. Can our spirit accept incarceration any more than that of the Indian Chief, who could not live without freedom?

—*Industrial News Review*

FBI DIRECTOR SAYS

Benevolence of Officers Easily Missed by Public

By J. EDGAR HOOVER
Director, FBI

Recently, in Kingsport, Tenn., an elderly man who had been arrested on local charges some 400 times since 1939 passed away. He had no known relatives. When the city's police officers, many of whom had made some of the arrests, learned of his death, they took up a collection from members of the department to pay for his funeral. In addition, six of the officers served as his pallbearers. Because of their kindness, the man was given a proper burial.

Last May, FBI Agents in Chicago located a baby boy who had been kidnapped a month earlier from his South Carolina home when he was two weeks old. The child's distraught mother was overjoyed to know that her baby was alive and safe. When Agents who had investigated the case learned

that the mother was destitute, they donated the money which enabled her to immediately fly to Chicago and take her baby home.

I cite these two incidents not because they merit wider recognition, although the actions of the police officers and the Agents were indeed commendable. Nor are the incidents rare; good deeds of this type occur repeatedly in enforcement agencies throughout the country. Rather, I mention the two incidents because they illustrate a benevolent and humanitarian aspect of law enforcement work which is often ignored and unappreciated.

The role of the policeman in our society goes far beyond the sworn duties of enforcing the law and arresting lawbreakers. Modern-day computers would be taxed to process the thousands of special services performed for the public by law enforcement officers every day.

In any emergency, real or imaginary the first cry that goes forth is for the police. The officer on the beat must be a journeyman of many trades—an on-the-spot doctor, plumber, or baby-sitter. Today's enforcement officer is expected to have multifarious abilities, explicit judgment, and an unshakable temperament. He performs on a public stage. The audience is "live;" every observer is a critic. There can be no retakes of his efforts or pretaped perform-



JAMES DORAIS

Professor Claims Poor Suffer in the Schools

One of the most difficult — even though immensely soul-satisfying — jobs in the world has been that of the classroom schoolteacher, dedicated to the task of imparting knowledge and the desire for more in the minds of charges of widely varying abilities and backgrounds.

And surely one of the most difficult things about the job must be the necessity of attending meetings addressed by headline-hunting experts on education like Dr. Arthur Pearl, University of Oregon professor

of education, who recently told a captive audience of Richmond Unified School District teachers just what is wrong with the public schools.

What is wrong with the schools this year, it seems, is that they discriminate against the poor. In fact, according to Dr. Pearl, schools are "the most destructive, humiliating agency of our time."

For many decades, simple-minded parents, taxpayers and teachers have had the notion that one of the best things about our system of universal education is that it enables children from the poor families to compete, as they grow older, on a more nearly equal basis with children from more favored homes.

Not so, says Dr. Pearl. A number of things are terribly wrong, among them: "School rules and regulations are based on middle-class mores and are destructive to the poor."

Obviously, nothing is more destructive to the poor than middle class values, such as a reasonable respect for law and order. In Latin American countries and other underdeveloped nations such as India, where there are only two classes, the rich and the poor, things are organized better.

"Students are grouped homogeneously, which hurts the children of the poor but doesn't help better students."

In plain language, the Professor is objecting to dividing classes, for learning purposes, into ability groups, because in his opinion no poor child could possibly be a "better" student.

"Material is taught that is

outside the frame of reference of the poor and therefore meaningless."

As everyone knows, the multiplication table, spelling, foreign languages, history and almost any subject you can mention are completely within the frame of reference of children from better homes before they start school. As they are not within the frame of reference of poor children, for their own good the poor shouldn't be exposed to them.

Other penetrating insights voiced by Dr. Pearl were that there should be "democratic decision making" in which students would have a voice, and that it shouldn't be necessary for a person to have a college education to teach school.

This makes sense. Obviously, there is no need for a teacher to have a college education if the children are going to determine, by democratic decision making, what they are taught.

WILLIAM HOGAN

You Can Be Miserable By Reading This Book

Dan Greenburg is a young former advertising writer whose first book surprised everyone (including Greenburg) by becoming the top best-seller of 1965. His "How to Be a Jewish Mother" (in excess of 270,000 copies) beat out such notable contenders for the number-one spot as "McCall's Needlework Treasury," "Happiness Is a Dry Martini" and "A Gift of Prophecy," by Ruth Montgomery.

Greenburg was feeling "miserable" during a recent interview with this writer. First because his new book, "How to Make Yourself Miserable," written in collaboration with Marcia Jacobs (who never wrote anything), may not be as successful as his first effort. Again because he faced another round of radio-TV interviews who expected him to be funny, just as other interviewees had on this publisher-sponsored promotional tour in such unlikely places as Columbus, Ohio, Philadelphia and Los Angeles.

Basically a melancholy fellow, Greenburg is haun-

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Soldier Has the Rest Of His Life to Think

It was a laconic, three-paragraph news story. Chances are you missed it. I would have if an acquaintance hadn't pointed it out to me as another memorable footnote to the war in Viet Nam.

The gist: Wallace Frazier, a 21-year-old Army private from Philadelphia, got into an argument with a Saigon cab driver, pulled his pistol and fired once. He missed the cabbie but hit and killed a woman bread peddler. At a court martial, the 21-year-old soldier was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor.

As my acquaintance points out, if the woman had been a suspected Viet Cong, the soldier would have gone free. If he had killed her, also accidentally, while destroying a village, the U.S. Govt. would have paid her family the usual compensation — about \$33. If he had killed her on purpose while taking an unfriendly village, he might have been a hero. And if he had been of high officer rank, he probably would have received a reprimand and reassignment to the States.

Unlucky Wallace Frazier, who pulled his gun at the wrong time in the wrong place. He may even have wondered why he was there in the first place. But he has

the rest of his life, at hard labor, to think about it.

Phrases I can live with: "Sorry, sir, we're completely out of the fresh Maine lobster" (we never had it in the first place) . . . "Special Introductory Offer!" (it didn't sell at all in the old package) . . . "And now, for an in-depth analysis of the headlines

San Francisco

you have just heard, we present our distinguished commentator —" (the same news, but he reads it slower and lower).

"A distinguished first novel by a young American author who has carved an imperishable niche for himself" (Originally \$5.95, now \$2.95) . . . "A guaranteed 30 miles to the gallon!" (but who counts) . . . "To get serious for just a moment" (I want to present my side of the argument before you get to yours) . . . "The restaurant with that authentic old-time San Francisco atmosphere!" (supplied by a young decorator who moved here a year ago from Los Angeles) . . . "Only 25 minutes from downtown San Francisco" (by space capsule) . . . "A bold, far-ranging plan to improve the cultural facilities of San Francisco was discovered yesterday by —" (aw, forget it).

One of our finest Bumper Strip Spotters reports a rare early-season sighting north of the Golden Gate Bridge — a strip reading "Had Enough?" Imprecate Ronald Reagan!"

Speaking of Governors, Pat Brown was in a relaxed mood the other day: "I never felt better or had fewer votes. In my spare time, I'm reading the thousands of letters of condolences I've received. It's a strange sensation — like a man reading his own obituaries. But after spending some time with Reagan yesterday I can see how he beat me. You know, he's a very attractive fellow. A reporter told me — talking about my water plan and the other master plans — that I was leaving a lot of monuments behind me. But not one of them is named Brown. There's not even a street named Brown. I asked a subdivision friend of mine, jokingly, it he'd just name a small street after me, but he said 'Would YOU live on a street named Brown?' No, I really don't know what I want to do. Before the election, President Marcos of the Philippines said 'You must come visit me, win or lose.' Maybe I'll take him up on that, or do you suppose it was just a campaign promise?"

ROYCE BRIER

Showing of Neo-Nazi Party Causes Concern

In Bavaria, melting pot of Teutonic political ideas, the National Democrats won 15 new seats in the 204-seat Landtag, or state assembly. The party is on the far right, and opponents call it neo-Nazi.

Regarding the recent election, the Bavarian premier, Alfons Goppel, said: "This is the expression of discontent of a small minority. I am astonished. But I do not believe they represent much of a danger to Bavaria."

The National Democrats polled 7.4 per cent of the state vote, but their percentage ran to 13 per cent in Nuremberg, scene of the great spectacles when Adolf Hitler was in power, and

exploited by the Nazis in the Wagnerian festivals. The party also won two seats recently in a state election in Hesse.

One not a specialist in West German and Bavarian personalities and issues, can-

World Affairs

not dispute Herr Goppel's estimate that there is no "present" danger. But the party's position in various German and European problems, and the general tone of zeal now working in West Germany, are subject to comment.

The party is isolationist, anti-American, and wants to restore a German High Command. It would redraw

the eastern boundaries of Germany, at least rhetorically in defiance of the Soviet Union.

At a recent rally the party's chairman, Fritz Thielien, was loudly applauded when he advocated cooperating with Red China, which also "lost" territories to the Soviet Union, in a stand against the Russians. Regarding a recent German-American dispute over purchase of military equipment, Thielien in effect advocated cancellation of American parliamentary ties. He says his party could win 40 seats in the national Bundestag today, and will do far better in national elections in 1969.

The Bavaria election was so important that its outcome was awaited before the effort was made to form a national coalition to succeed Chancellor Erhard.

It is inevitable an analogy will be sought between the present modest beginning of the National Democrats, and the equally modest beginning of the National Socialists in the early 1920s.

There may be an analogy, but it is of dim outline in the present stage. One point in its favor is a rising discontent over the failure of Bonn to solve emotional problems dealing with international relations particularly with the United States and the Soviet Union. Then there is the chronic German yearning for reunification, which has hardly moved a step in 10 years. Similar frustration existed in the Germany of the 1920s, but it was an impoverished instead of a prosperous Germany. Hence its terms were far more rancorous than those of today.

One point mitigating against any analogy, is that no demagogic genius even faintly comparable to Adolf Hitler is in sight. National Socialism was Hitler's answer to the German destiny.

So this column must be indecisive. The Germans do not know their destiny. Non-Germans, however, cannot escape a nagging concern over the apparent start of a new rightist movement in memory of the world-shaking results of the old rightist movement.

My Neighbors



"Put back the charcoal, Al — and bring me the steak."

Abe Mellinkoff